

FORTY-ONE KILLED

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A Hartford Hotel Wrecked by an Explosion.

THE RUINS TAKE FIRE

Nine of the Victims Rescued Alive.

Fifty Persons Believed to Have Been in the Wrecked Building—Thirteen Dead Bodies Recovered and Twenty-eight More Believed to Be in the Ruins—The Rev. D. Perrin and His Wife, and Speaker For of Indiana Among the Missing—Thrilling Scenes and Heartbreaking Escapes.

HARTFORD, Feb. 18.—At 4:30 this morning the Park Central Hotel, one of the most popular and well kept hotels in the city, went down with tremendous crash, burying in the ruins all but a few of the guests in the house. A most simultaneously with the crash of the falling walls came a tremendous explosion that shook the whole city and wrecked the fronts of all buildings near by. A moment later a general alarm was sent out, and still later the eleven strokes which call for the city companies of the Connecticut National Guard. A noise of the explosion started hundreds of people on the hunt for its cause, and the fire alarm sent them in the right direction. When they reached the spot, nothing remains of the handsome hotel but a mass of

of ruins, which barely filled the deep crater formed by the foot of the rear end of the building. The stories in height, and showing the interior of the last row of beams of each floor. The ruined part had been sliced away as neatly as though with a giant knife. From the ruins arose groans and cries, and from the part still standing were heard the screams of agony and death.

A cold, half-frozen rain from a lowering sky, with the spectacle of wreck and ruin, and the thick, enveloping clouds of steam, which for hours hid from the surging crowds of people around the policemen's cordon the occasional glimpse of the bodies of the victims, made men in unfeeling dead bodies or living sufferers, combined to make a scene which no beholder will be likely to forget.

The police went to work with remarkable judgment, and soon had a group of men working at the debris, while others were busy clearing away the debris; but before any organized effort for help could be made there had been thrilling scenes. Held close to the top of the wreckage were a man, his wife, and a child. Flames had burst forth from near the boiler, and the man was unable to get down. He cried aloud for help, but no help could reach it. The man and woman looked death in the face with clasped hands, and a moment later all were beyond suffering.

The flames at first prevented any attempt at rescuing anyone, and the roof fell away with a roar, so that no one could be prosecuted. A few dead or dying persons were taken from the edge of the debris, however, within an hour after the explosion. The force of the explosion threw a bed with a sleeping woman upon a pile of red hot steel, while one of the women landed a blow across her head. At 10 M. the flames were so far subdued that the rescuers were enabled to get at some of the victims. Some were pinned beneath heavy timbers upon which rested masses of masonry rendering the work of rescue very hard indeed. One of the men killed, Hugh, who was first taken out at about 10 o'clock. The bodies of Lewis H. Bronson, a stone dealer, his wife and child were discovered at about the same time. Mr. James, an agent of the White Star line,

steamer, was taken out at noon alive and apparently without any serious injury. He was unable to stand. He said that Landford Ketchum and wife were under where he laid, and were still alive. At about 1 o'clock, amid enthusiastic cheers from the crowd, Landford Ketchum and his wife were taken out alive and were able to drink some hot coffee with relish—no small wonder, considering that they had been imprisoned in their nightclothes in the cellar with a flood of water pouring in on them. They were sent to the hospital. Soon afterwards a doctor, a local agent for the Hingham Manufacturing Company, was taken out alive and sent to the hospital. The dead body of J. C. Hill, a commercial traveller who occupied room 29, has also been taken out. At 2 1/2 P. M. the bodies of Mr. and Mrs. Brown were taken from the ruins.

The body of J. George Jane was taken from the ruins at 8:45 and removed immediately to Dr. Smith's office. He was the prescrip-

and had been in the store for nearly nine years, and was a very competent druggist. He left his business Sunday afternoon, having the evening off early. Engle was a native of Norwich, and has a brother, Charles Engle, who is employed in the same store. Engle was a member of the lodge, was a member of St. John's Lodge of Masons of this city. The body was very badly bruised, and scalded, the head was cut and disfigured, but the face was easily recognized.

Michael Corbett and his wife were in one of the rooms in the southeast corner of the hotel, and were sitting on the bed for nearly five hours when the explosion occurred. Corbett was sitting up in the ruins. Corbett retained consciousness, and went through the frightful ordeal, but his wife, who was rescued at 2 1/2, was so lamenated with the pain and cold that only the most pitious means could be used to save her.

For another half hour the work was carried on systematically and quickly. The floor was cleared of the debris of the fire, and the head of a live man, Al Bean, was lying heavily on his shoulders. Chains were fastened to the man's wrists and ankles, and he was hoisted up strong and steady hands extracted him. A flask of brandy was put to his lips, and he drank it gratefully.

[illegible]

CALLER ROBERTSON A LIAR

THE AGED LAWSON FULLER IS THE
ELECTRIC SUGAR AVENGER.

And He Won't Give Cotterill the Credit—He Got Some Two-cent Pieces Left—How the Credit was Caught in a Mischance

The apparent joy of the electric sign folks at the end of the line in Michigan caught the Howards and Hailests and Mrs. Friend Ann Arbor on Saturday was disturbed yesterday by a painful misunderstanding between President Cotterill, Treasurer Robertson, and Director Lawson N. Fuller at the company offices in Wall street.

The aged Mr. Fuller, who has had altogether too much to do with the sign business, took the supposition that he mortgaged his little home and invested his little all in electric sign, and has been left penniless, rattled good two-cent pieces in his pockets while he claimed the credit for the corraling of the prisoners. Mr. Cotterill claimed it, and Mr. Robertson

incensed with Mr. Cottrell, whereas Mr. Funnell, who is a partner in the firm, is a friend of the man who was shot. Mr. Robertson boiled up outbursts again.

But an equity suit has been begun in Michigan by Mr. Cottrell for a company, which is intended to secure the \$250,000 in cash and property of the late John Friend's name, and is also meant to include the property of the defendants not now known. The suit is for the purpose of recovering about \$80,000 in assets. They include \$33,000 in cash, \$10,000 in machinery and \$37,000 in property. The suit is for the purpose of recovering property seized from the Howards, Husted and Mrs. Friend in Michigan. The shareholdings of the company are as follows:

It was on Jan. 6 that Treasurer Robertson was arrested on a charge of having received or four charges of swindling to make against the people in Michigan. The inspector sent to the Michigan state prison to get the men were secured against Mrs. Olive Friend, William E. and Emily Howard, and Orrin Howard. The men were arrested on warrants, and Central Office Detectives Richard and Hurd, armed with requisitions for their arrest, were sent to Michigan. When they learned that they notified the people who were in Canada. They notified the inspectors of the Michigan state prison. A search could get the lot. They came back to New York, but fifteen days ago returned to Ann Arbor, where they were arrested. The men are Dawson Howard. The identity of the detective who was arrested is not known. The man was down, but went not more than thirty-five miles away, and arranged with the Ann Arbor authorities to get the men out of the state. He turned. He appeared at Ann Arbor on Friday.

There are three indictments against the defendants jointly for grand larceny in the first degree. Two were on charges made by the aged but cheerful Lawson N. Fuller, and they were found by the Grand Jury on Jan. 2. Two indictments charge the defendants with larceny in the second degree, and a third with refining sugar by electricity, and \$1,000 besides for machinery. The third indictment, on complaint of the Electric Sugar Refining

Company, and is based on an item of \$35.00 alleged to have been obtained for the purpose of buying raw sugar.

The Electric Sugar Refining Company alleges that \$34.00, although has gone the way of the defendants.

ANN ARBOR, Feb. 18.—Mrs. Olive F. Friend, the Howards, and the Halsteads are still in jail. A strong legal fight will be made here to test the validity of the papers before they will be allowed to go east.

TWO GIRLS, NOT EIGHTY-TWO.

Excitement at Vassar College Over a Small Casino Theatre Party.

POUGHKEEPSIE, Feb. 18.—Vassar College authorities are indignant over statements in New York Sunday papers saying that eighty-two Vassar students occupied seats at the New York Casino matinee on Saturday. In reply to a despatch from here to-day to Rudolph Aronson of the Casino, he telegraphed as follows:

The telegram was received here from Vassar College Friday morning. It said that the college had decided to raise the price of seats for Saturday matinees. The new price was \$2.00. The college said that it was necessary to raise the price because of the high cost of the seats. The college said that it was necessary to raise the price because of the high cost of the seats. The college said that it was necessary to raise the price because of the high cost of the seats.

The statements contained in the New York papers regarding the attendance of a lady and a student at the Casino were entirely false. There was no excursion to New York and no plan for any. Tickets were purchased for the Casino by two students, who expected to take a New York lady with them. This was unknown to the college authorities. The two students attended the matinee. This is absolutely all the truth there is in this statement, which was published in the New York Herald about a month ago. Mr. Aronson telegraphed asking for copies of telegrams embracing the whole transaction. He replied a

Mr. Barton, manager for Mr. Aronson, showed the ticket to a SUN reporter last night a telegram received on Feb. 12, which was signed Vassassas, College and signed M. E. Cochrane, and inquired the price of seats at a Saturday matinee. Mr. Barton replied, giving the price of \$1.00. The reporter then asked for the name of the person at the box office and said he would call.

wanted eighty-two seats for pupils of Vassar College. He paid over the money and received the tickets. Saturday afternoon these eighty-two seats were occupied by young ladies.

KILLED HER LIFE WITH ARSENIC.

Something Not Cleared Up About Bella Barrow's Last Visitors.

Bella Barrow, 16 years old, a housemaid for Mrs. J. F. Reiss of 1369 Park avenue, was

On the Sunday after her arrival a young man named Dempsey, came to visit her, and remained so late that Mrs. Reiss asked him to go away. He was slend-

and dark, and wore a shabby frock coat. Last Friday Della went out with him, and returned within fifteen minutes. On Saturday she was sick, and on Sunday her day off, she left home and did not return until 9 in the evening.

Neighbors say that she was accompanied to the house door by three men. Mrs. Feiss has been out, and when she came home at 10 she found the girl sitting in a chair crying.

She was very sick in the morning, and Mrs. Feiss took her to Denton's drug store, where she was attended by Dr. Sweeney, seventh street. She had an ambulance called, and the girl admitted that

she had taken Paris green at 10 o'clock on Sunday night. She died at 2:25 P. M.

Her brother-in-law, Frank Buckholz, testified yesterday: "I intend finding out all about this business, and if it is any man's fault, why, I only want to get hold of him."

A story of a Wreck Found in a Bottle.

ONANCOKE, Va., Feb. 18.—A daughter of E. W. Nottingham, who lives on the seaside in the lower part of Northampton, picked up a bottle

On the beach yesterday, containing a piece of paper, on which the following was written in pencil:

OCEANIC CO., July 6, 1894.

The bark Lucy Low is about to go down with all on board. She has been in a gale for seventeen days. She is laden with oil, bound to Liverpool. Good-by, my dear wife, good-by. You must let Willie know his papa is dead. He is not enough of a man to be able to understand this will please keep it until the vessel is advertised for Good-by, loved ones. T. L. NOTTINGHAM, Master.

Mr. Nottingham says he needs no reason to doubt that the paper is genuine. Nothing is known here of any such vessel or master.

Proposed Settlement with Ives and Stayner
Mr. Frank R. Lawrence, counsel of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton Railroad in their suit against Ives and Stayner, said yesterday that efforts were being made to effect a settlement in the case, but that as yet nothing had been accomplished. The nature of the settlement Mr. Lawrence did not think would be of interest to the public. In any case he would not say what it was. Ives and Stayner

Royal Baking Powder, Absolutely Pure.
For twenty-five years the standard.—Ada.

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**Fifty Persons Believed to Have Been in the
Wrecked Building--Thirteen Dead Bodies
Recovered and Twenty-eight More Believed to Be in the Ruins--The Rev. D.**

HEARD, Feb. 18.—At 4:30 this morning the Park Central Hotel, one of the most popular here and well kept hotels in the city, went down with a tremendous crash, burying in the ruins many of the guests in the house. A fire alarm sounded about 4:15, and a few moments later a tremendous explosion which shook the whole city and wrecked the fronts of all buildings near by. A moment later a general alarm was sent out, and still later the eleven strokes, which call for the city companies to meet at the Connecticut National Guard, this morning of the explosion, were sounded. The police on the hunt for its cause, and the fire alarm sent them in the right direction. When they reached the spot, nothing remained of the handsome hotel but a mass of

of ruins, which barely filled the decaying cellar, and a scant twenty feet of the rear end of the building, five stories in height, and showing the interior of the last row of rooms on each floor. The ruined part had been sliced away as neatly as though with a giant knife. From the ruins arose groans and cries, and from the part still standing were heard the shrieks of the servants, who lived in an annex.

A cold, half-frozen rain from a lowering sky with the spectacle of wreck and ruin, and the thick, enveloping clouds of steam, which hours hid from the surging crowds of people around the policemen's cordon the occasional awful revelations made by the too few workmen in unearthing dead bodies or living sufferers, combined to make a scene which no beholder will be likely to forget.

ing on the ruins, while teams were busy carrying away the debris; but before any organized effort for help could be made there had been five thrilling scenes. A high close-up of the top of the flames had burst forth from near the boiler, and these came lashing toward the group. The child cried aloud for help, but no help could be renient. The man and woman looked death in the face with closed hands and a momentary

The flames at first prevented any attempt at rescuing any one, and the ruins were flooded with water before any work could be prosecuted. A few dead or dying persons were taken from the edge of the debris, however, within an hour after the explosion. The force of the explosion threw a bed with a sleeping woman upon it far into the street, while one of the heavy doors landed a block away. By 9

M. the flames were so far subdued that the
 rescuers were enabled to get at some of the
 victims. Some were pinned beneath heavy
 timbers upon which rested masses of masonry,
 rendering the work of rescue very hazardous.
 The dead body of Dwight Buell, a jeweler, was
 taken out at about 10 o'clock. The bodies of
 Lewis H. Bronson, a stone dealer, his wife and
 child were discovered at about the same time.
 Mr. James, an agent of the White Star line of

sterns, was taken out at noon alive and apparently not very badly injured, although unable to stand. He said that Landford Ketchum and wife were under where he laid, and were still alive. At about 1 o'clock, amid enthusiastic cheers from the crowd, Landford Ketchum and his wife were taken out alive and were able to drink some hot coffee with relish—a small wonder, considering that they had been imprisoned in their nightclothes in the cellar with a flood of water pouring in on

The body of J. George Engel was taken from the ruins at 8:45 and removed immediately to the morgue.

Dr. Smith's office. He was the prescription clerk at A. Marwick, Jr. & Co.'s, and occupied room 16 in the hotel. He was 23 years of age and had been in the store for nine years, and was a very competent druggist. He left his business Sunday afternoon, having the evening off. Engle was a native of Norwich, and has a brother, Charles Engle, who is employed by Lee & O'good, the druggists in that city. He was a member of St. John's Lodge of Masons

of this city. The body was very badly bruised, and scalded, the head was cut and disfigured but the face was easily recognized.

Michael Corrigan and his wife were in one of the rooms in the southeast portion of the hotel and were buried for nearly five hours in the ruins. Corrigan retained consciousness through the frightful ordeal, but his wife, who was rescued at 9½, was so benumbed with the pain and cold that only the most piteous moans were uttered by her.

After Mr. Corrigan and wife had been taken out from the southeast corner, flames lashed forth from the eastwork and the rescuers transferred their efforts to the center of the building. Here the fallen roof was partly supported by timbers. At about 10:45 o'clock the faint cries of some one were heard inside. "Work faster!" was the order, and the

For another half hour the work was carried on systematically and quickly. The floor was reached and a plank was pulled up, revealing the head of a live man. A beam was lying heavily on his shoulders. Chains were fastened around the man, and while the men lifted the beam, the man's steady hands extricated him. A flask of brandy was put to his lips, and he was taken on a stretcher into Judd's further down.

his building. To him was to talk, and when he said his name was Enos James of England and his friend John Lee, in the office of the White Star Line in New York, was telegraphed to him and came in the next day.

When he reached Philadelphia, his representative of the Banner Safe and Lock Company, occupied room 21 on the third floor. He was aroused by the report of a sound sleep by the expression, and then almost instant felt himself going down with the first mass of walls. He was stunned by the shouldered wall and could not move. The resulting party found him and made a most careful investigation of the

all the time, and directed the men how to work to the best advantage in getting him out. He was exhausted by the rain and exposure toward the last, but retained his self-control, and when finally removed it was found that he had escaped with broken bones. Stiffel has been in three railroad accidents, but during his experience has been so fortunate as last night's disaster. He was in the great Twenty-eighth street railroad calamity at Pittsburgh, in 1876, and two years ago was in the Austin and Hempstead Railroad fatality. He was also on

Dr. Perrin, who, with his wife, is believed to